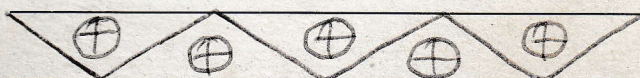


COMPOSITION BOOK



100 sheets · 200 pages
9³/₄ x 7¹/₄ in/24.7 x 18.4 cm

H
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2005 SPRING₂ / SUMMER

5/17 → 6/27

CLASS PROGRAM

NAME _____ ADDRESS 223 Ketchikan Avenue
KETCHIKAN AK 99901

SCHOOL _____ CLASS _____

		PERIOD 1	PERIOD 2	PERIOD 3	PERIOD 4	PERIOD 5	PERIOD 6	PERIOD 7	PERIOD 8
TIME	from to...								
MONDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
TUESDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
WEDNESDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
THURSDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
FRIDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
SATURDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								

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SPRING 2005

I think it will be good for me to read Lowry's Under the Volcano since ~~am~~ I am an anti-hero of sorts. The way I elevate is by sinking lower and lower. I watch myself eat bacon like a ravenous dog. All that talk about writing a book where a Ghost Dance reaches me from beyond the bounds of time and space could serve well in the context of a hallucination in the book.

The great thing about literature is that I won't be this scrawny white man with rotten teeth ... I'll be long dead ... but I will have known what it is to be a scrawny man with rotten teeth dependent upon money from the government to pay rent, buy food, pay fines, et cetera.

It is almost 5AM and I think that a hot shower may be enough to relax my bones enough for me to sleep. Even if I only sleep for 5 hours, it is better than continuing this psychosis into a new day.

Rather than Under The Volcano, I will read my own Hentrich Diary #86 after a shower so as to ease myself into a deep sleep. Life is killing. Sure. Whatever. The mucus membranes all agitated between my nose and mouth will serve to push me even deeper into isolation. What doesn't kill me strengthens me.

X

While I much rather wear a beard, there is a possibility that it is the hair on my face that is disturbing my skin. It may be a matter of hygiene. Who knows?

Such a beautiful apartment this is at 223 Mataveru Avenue - The wonderful thing about this Section 8 contract with SSI is that, when I get insomnia, I don't have to be stressed out or call out sick from work for a "mental health day". Every day is a mental health day for me at this juncture in my life.

Birds chirping, belly full, face shaved, body washed, nails clipped... feeling so peaceful.

Ice cold Hawaiian Punch - refreshing. And I am not a goat. How do I know? Well, I am prepared to evaporate and leave this world behind.

There is no need to write a book...

I feel my ancestors embracing me. It is not a sin not to procreate. Life is just a little too nightmarish.

Wouldn't it be a pleasure to die in my sleep?

I don't have to play a role in society. I just hide away in an apartment and prepare my mind for nothingness. Who would read a book if I write one anyway? I have discovered a secret

world of tranquility. May I be wise enough to take deep breaths and embrace the center of the universe where I am the spirit that flows through all things.

I have to be humble if I want to have peace of mind. My temperament, my intelligence ... these are more important than position in society. No one chooses to be born who they are. No one chooses to be born at all. How I have been blessed. In the midst of all the suffering, I have been blessed not only with the apartment and SSI, but with an intellect that can really thrive in isolation.

Of course I would be delighted to embrace Nati, but this is just not likely to happen. She is young and pure and totally committed to a harsh work ethic. Her mind and mine have no common ground, and I am too committed to my peace and tranquility ...

Desire creates the universe. What is it that I truly desire? I will have to sleep on it.

X

NOON

Sleep was great for my mind-body. The corn bread helps stare off the demons. There is no rest for living organism. Schopenhauer was so on point with this idea that we are constantly struggling against death in some form. What kind of organism am I? I am one who does not conform to slave morality. Somehow I am just not wired to be fenced in or transformed into machinery. Being declared "disabled" relieves this conflict; and I am now in the process of accepting fundamental consequences of poverty.

To be restricted to living without money seems to have forced me to seek fulfillment in activities which do not require cash. I read books rather than pay for "cable television". Rather than pay to earn a masters degree in computer science, I plan to be autodidactic and delve more deeply into what I studied while working toward the bachelors degree. Compilers comes to mind. If learning is my goal, I can never exhaust the books I have at my disposal.

It would be very fulfilling for me to go through the PHP book Al Baker gave me. There would be nothing stopping me from becoming the administrator of my own humble website except lack of money for a domain.

Yes, as far as activity goes, most of what I do is done in isolation.

This relieves me of dependencies on others.

I had some very powerful dreams experiences last night. In one I was with the Bent Clan and I saw Marga Gundry - we were both sobbing gutturally as we embraced. It left a deep emotional impression (memory) as though it actually happened.

In another, I was mopping a floor with my nephew and his father; and I was very upset that the mop was so flimsy. I demanded better equipment. A man is only as good as his tools.

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In this dream-experience, of \$130, my nephew was giving me \$30, but he told me what the money was to be used for. I asked for \$10 extra, just so I had some spare loot to hold, for some damn TOP tobacco and a few beers... I became psychotic, meaning "I flipped out". It does not seem to matter what the dream "meant". What matters is that the event allowed me to psychologically and emotionally experience some kind of confrontation over a little bit of money. This is evidence that, as an organism, I am not quite stable since certain desires are surely frustrated by lack of funds.

X

This leads rather smoothly to the dilemma I find myself in today. Although I can walk to a pay phone and dial a toll free number (18006623114) to set up a ride with JBI for appointments with psychiatrist and "behavioral therapist", the unknown powers that rule my life have denied me access - and I can't get any resolution through my social worker. I was given a number that is NOT toll free (732 7613600) - and I have no money to make the phone call.

The wonderful aspect of this pathetic situation is that I do possess the intelligence to stubbornly refuse to get upset about these ridiculous circumstances. As an organism, I refuse to internalize systemic failures, errors, catch 22s. There is absolutely no way to resolve this unless Ms. Wilson can help me.

I remember reading a book from the library: SYSTEMANTICS about how systems can often be problematic in that, when they fail, the user is put in the position to compensate for ^{these} failures; or, in many cases, the user gets ^{hijacked} implemented into the mechanics of the system.

Manufacturers produce and sell cars, and the government inspects these vehicles. We use the vehicles to transport ourselves, and we are required to maintain them, insure them. When more and more footwork is done by the user, the system is said to encroach upon us. (May 2013 MWH)

For hours I searched my memory and even the books I was writing in ^{from} at the time I borrowed SYSTEMANTICS from the library, for the term/concept I am looking for. The bottom line is that, even though my basic needs are satisfied (food & shelter) without a telephone, it is impossible for me to resolve very basic problems — such as this issue with medical transport. If there is some kind of error on the ~~bureaucratic~~ end of the system, then what I am going through now (stressing out because I might not be able to get prescriptions filled or even keep the appointment with the psychiatrist) is a systemic error — and I stubbornly refuse to become overly concerned about it. I just won't be seeing the doctor and I will run out of medication. FUCK IT!

Is there anything Nick (ICMS case manager) can do to resolve this crisis? Sure. He could contact social services and look into it. Otherwise, like I said, I'll just run out of medication. Noncompliance? Hell no. I did not do anything to deserve to be dropped from medicaid; the system is a stupid machine and I have little respect left for it. I'll be damned if I let this get me upset.

The system doesn't work. Deal with it. And how shall I deal with it? The next time I see my ICMS case manager, I will use his telephone and call to resolve the issue. By then I most likely will have missed my appointments with CPC psychiatrist and CPC counselor. I just hope I can make it to the dentist on May 26th - the day after court.

X

As far as the skin problem under my nose: I did a local search on my computer's hard drives (not connected to Internet, of course), and I got a few hits. I had searched for any files containing the word herpes. What I found is very enlightening; and considering I face \$1600.00 worth of fines for possession of some aluminum foil pot pipes, the information makes me want to strangle the judge and police.

ANTIBIOTIC CBD DISINFECTANTS

Young un-budded hemp plants provide extractions of CBD's (cannabidiolic acids). There are many antibiotic uses for of the cannabidiols, including treatment of for gonorrhea. A 1990 Florida study indicated its use in treating herpes.


Cannabis is a topical analgesic. Direct contact with THC killed herpes virus in a University of South Florida (Tampa) 1990 research study by Dr. Gerald Lancz, who warns that "smoking marijuana will not cure herpes". However, anecdotal reports indicate a faster drying and healing of the outbreak after topical application of "strong bud", soaked in rubbing alcohol and crushed into a paste.

Also, marijuana is the best natural expectorant to clear the human lungs of smog, dust, and the phlegm associated with tobacco use. Marijuana smoke effectively dilates the airways of the lungs, the bronchi, opening them to allow more oxygen into the lungs. People who smoke tobacco cigarettes are usually better off and will live longer if they smoke cannabis moderately, too.
(Jamaican, Costa Rican Studies)

Millions of Americans have given up or avoided smoking tobacco products in favor of cannabis, which is not good news to the powerful tobacco lobby - Senator Jesse Helms and his cohorts. The evidence indicates that cannabis use will probably increase these outlaw American marijuana user's lives by about two years - yet they may lose their rights, property, children, etc, just for using the safest of substances: cannabis.

Cannabis lowers blood pressure and relieves stress.

Using cannabis allows most people a more complete rest with a higher amount of "alpha time" during sleep as compared with prescription or sleep-inducing patent sedatives. It is unconscionable that teenagers are being treated by massive doses of "-zine" drugs in order to get them off pot, at the urging of parent groups, the PDFA, the feds and administrators and doctors from federally approved, private and high-profit drug rehabilitation centers.

Often these "-zine" drugs do work to stop these youths from smoking pot. They also stop a kid from loving his or her dog, and children stand a 1 in 4 chance of suffering from uncontrollable shaking for the rest of their lives. * But at least they're not high! 

Hundreds of private drug-rehabilitation centers and their leaders keep this policy alive because they earn fat profits selling their USELESS or DESTRUCTIVE "marijuana treatment."

After all, a relapse just means using marijuana again, after a number of bouts with an "authority". This is mind control and an attempt to destroy the will of the organism-as-a-whole-in-environments.

As I have said before, programs are for machines, not for organisms. Cannabis is the world's number one killer of stress. It can safely curtail or replace Valium, Librium, alcohol, or even Prozac, for millions of Americans.

And while tobacco constricts arteries, cannabis dilates (opens) them. Because migraine headaches are the result of artery spasms combined with over-relaxation of veins, the vascular changes cannabis causes in the covering of the brain (the ~~menegis~~ meninges) usually make migraines disappear. Evidence of vascular changes caused by cannabis can be seen in the user's red eyes, which are extensions of the brain. However, unlike most other drugs, cannabis has no apparent effect on the vascular system in general (except for slightly increased heart rate at the onset of the high).

So I got through the day without becoming overly anxious about the possibility of not keeping my appointments at CPC. Nick is my witness. The situation is beyond my control. I am so utterly grateful to be free from "group therapy". It gives me back time that would be literally wasted. I just can't sit back and be quiet and witness the intrusive inquisitions by so-called therapists who are more concerned with urine samples and abstinence than they are with psychoanalysis.

The moment "Leslie" proclaimed that she is protecting "the group" from ideas which challenge the authority (of their mind control police state inquisition), I knew that I would be wasting my breath trying to express my concerns. And yet it is my responsibility to protect my own mind from the damaging theories of addiction-treatment. I sense from every counselor at CPC, be it Ken, Leslie, or Charlie, that they would be as happy as pigs in shit were I to be placed under surveillance by the courts so that a "dirty urine" would be grounds for the encagement of my organism. These "authorities", the State and the treatment centers, are half-witted, dangerous, and morally bankrupt.

When they cannot reach me, they want to lock up my body. They fail to even understand what man is. On so many levels I am a nonconformist, and I do not feel safe with these petty-minded idiots having any kind of control over me.

My spirit - they would like to see it broken.

There has to be a way to actually get some kind of psycho-therapy (along with psychiatric medication) that is not controlled by behavioral health centers. I will look into it. Until then, I am going to have to take Robert Persig's advice and do a first class acting job when around so-called "sane" gorts who are in positions of authority.

Welcome to the nightmare of This Perfect Day.
Welcome to the prison, the zoo, the
iron cage of rationality.

What more could I expect from an attempt by me to write a book than an autobiographical account of my lived experiences and the expression of my most powerfully subversive ideas? Writing a book will be a great way to GET MY REVENGE, TO SPEAK AND BE HEARD!

X

INSIGHT / REVELATION: When I start getting SSI, a

phone-line will be a necessity just for me to be able to communicate with the bureaucratic system I am caught up in. For as long as possible I will resist the compulsion to get internet access. Fuck the Thought Police. Let them read my book when I publish it in one blast from a community college library or some shit.

Back to herd morality and all the faces making noise about my "laziness". Here's a quote from Emile Cioran that I can use as metaphysical ammunition to drop a bomb on the so-called experts, authorities, status-guns:

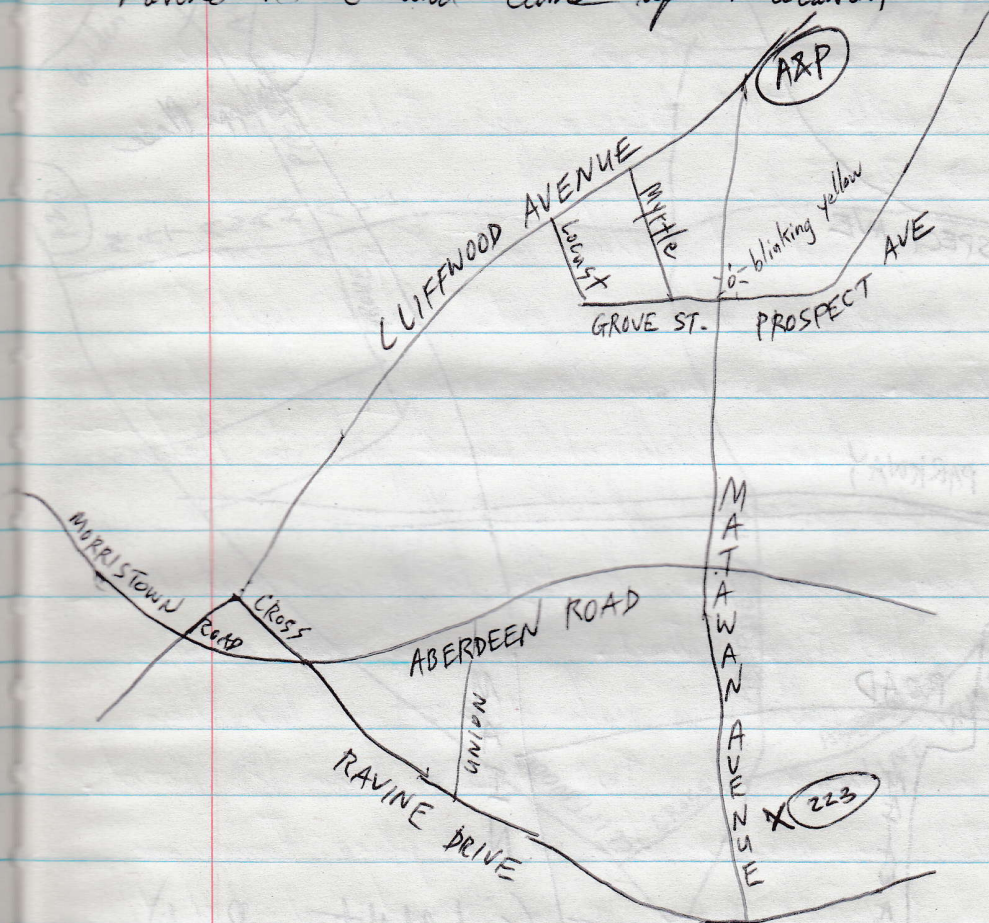
"TO AWAKEN THE MODERN WORLD, ONE MUST PRAISE LAZINESS. THE LAZY MAN HAS AN INFINITELY KEENER PERCEPTION OF METAPHYSICAL REALITY THAN THE ACTIVE ONE."

Whatever it is Orwell called "thought crime" in 1984, that is what I want to write and publish.

Just because my views are shunned, mocked, ridiculed, suppressed, or even criminalized — this does not imply I will stop expressing them. I praise laziness and honesty and isolation and misanthropy. My intellectual integrity will not be subdued or coerced!

Matawan Notes 2005.05.19

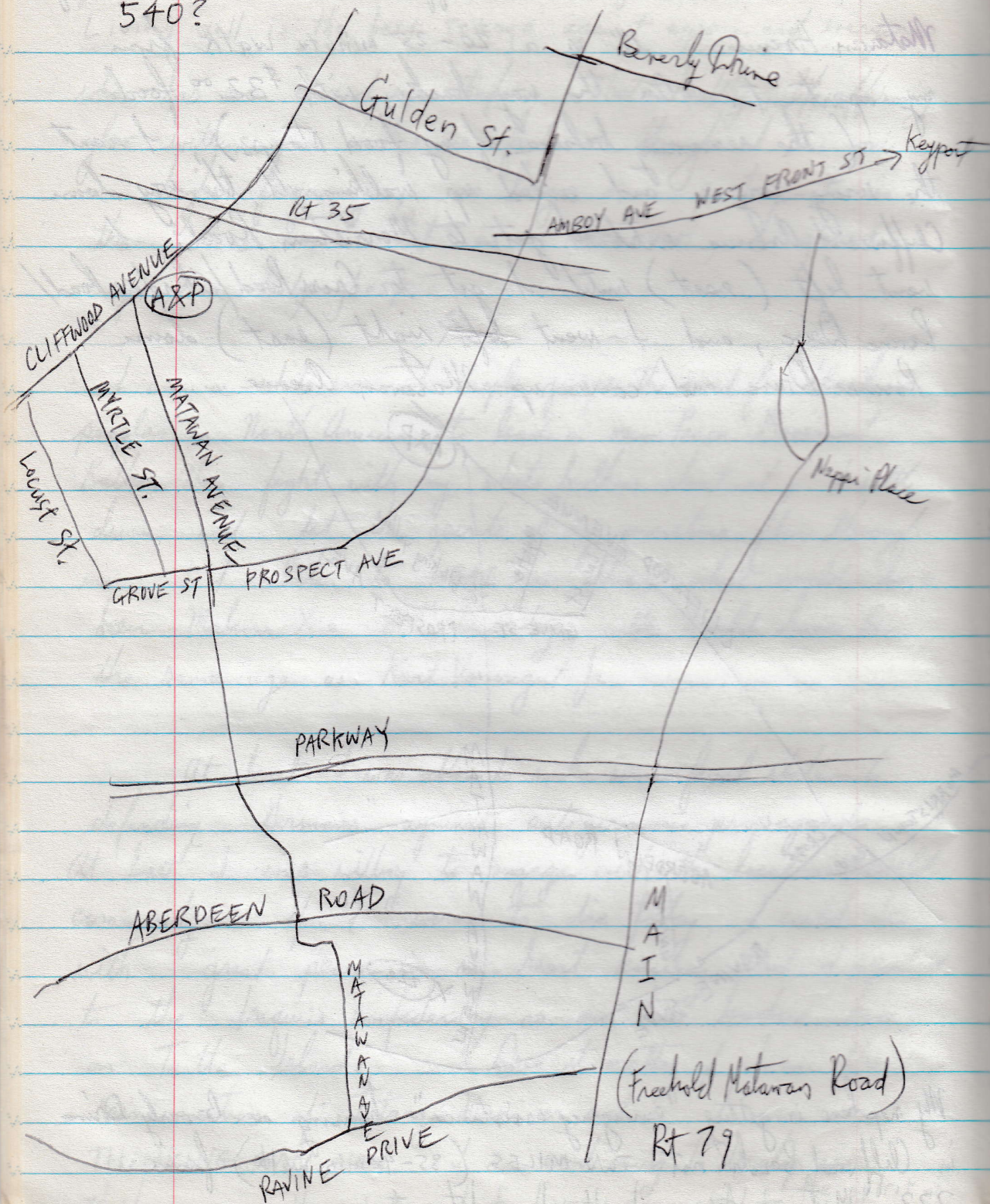
I walked to the A&P on Cliffwood Avenue at the end of Matawan Avenue. It is a 20-25 minute walk from my apartment. On the way back, with \$32.00 food (the remaining balance of my food stamps), I went the wrong way and ended up walking all the way down Cliffwood Avenue until I got to Morristown Road. I went left (east) until I got to Cross Road/Aberdeen Road/Ravine Drive, and I went ~~left~~ right (east) down Ravine Drive and came up Matawan Avenue...



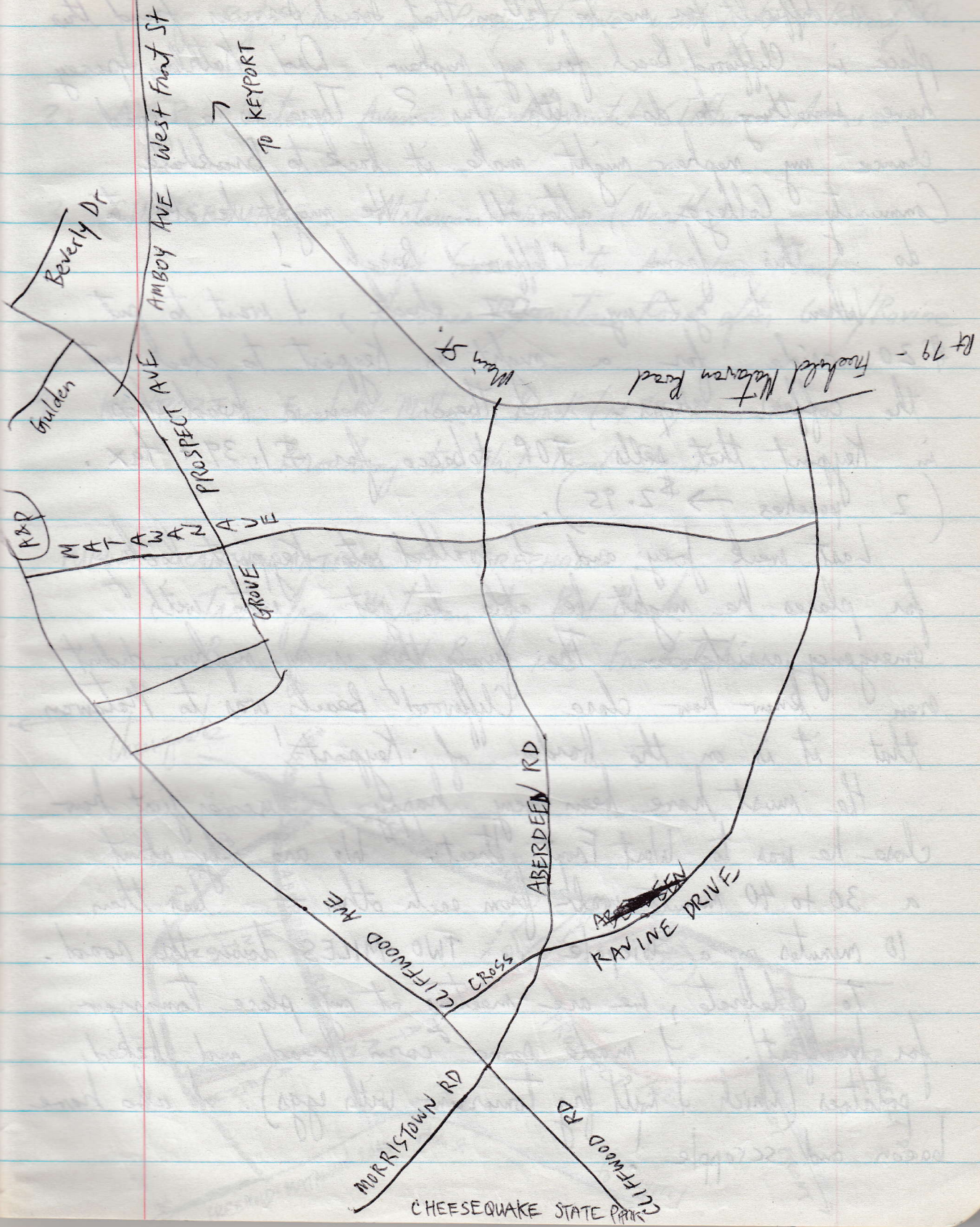
My nephew is getting "emergency assistance" housing on Beverly Drive in Cliffwood Beach not TWO MILES (35-40 min walk) from 223 Matawan Avenue! He has Internet access.

To Beverly Drive, Cliffwood Beach 07721

540?



Something wild... from Cheesquake (I walked it tonight)

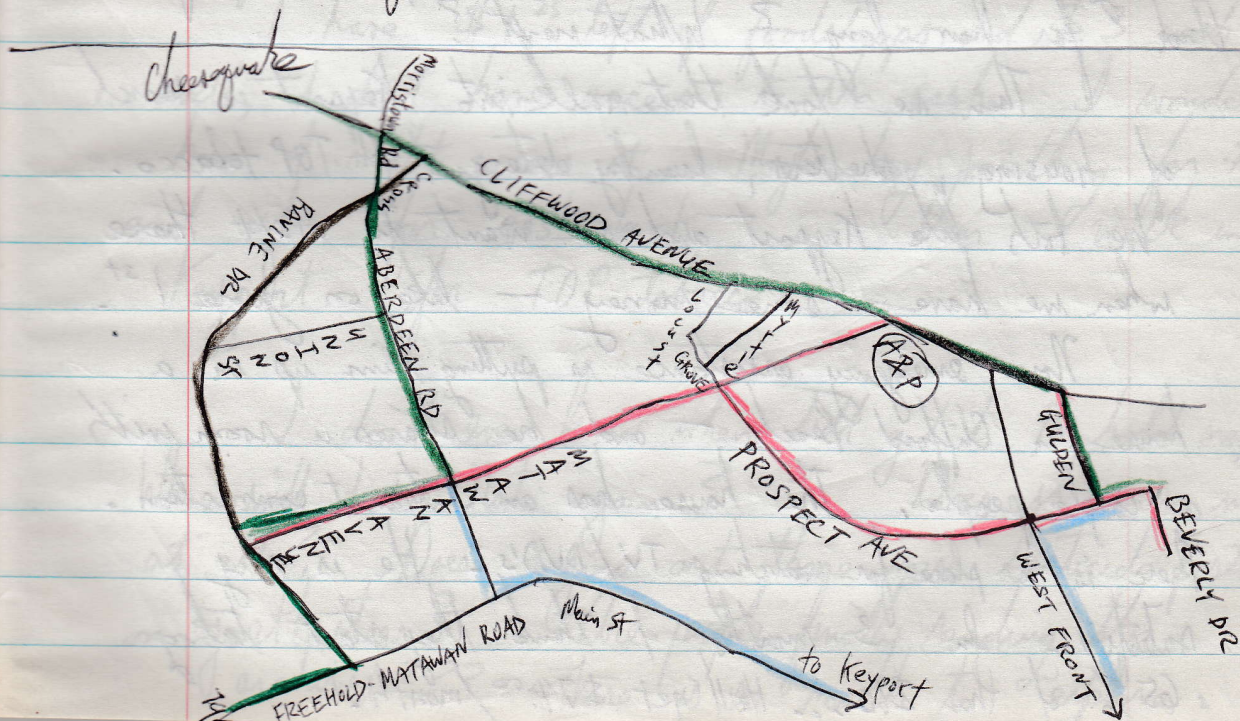


ROUTES

1. JOE : Matawan Avenue (North) NORTH-WEST
Right (North) on Prospect Ave until Right on Beverly Dr.
2. A & P : Matawan Avenue (North) until Cliffwood Avenue
3. CHEESEQUAKE : Matawan Avenue (North)
Left (WEST) onto Aberdeen Road
Becomes Maristown Road after Cross/Ravine
4. KEYPORT : Freehold-Matawan Road (rt 79) Main St.
Broadway to West Front Street

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION TO FREEHOLD :

Train from Matawan to Red Bank
Bus from Red Bank into Freehold



28 May 2005 Saturday 3AM (the middle of the night).

After about 30 months of writing on the Internet, I had suddenly ceased due to the basic facts that there were no libraries near the town I moved to and that I could not afford a telephone. I am not so sure I will even bother to get plugged in again any time soon. After all, while a few people really did appreciate what I wrote, there were others who really seemed to despise me and wished I would kill myself.

I grew weary. I began to think that perhaps I might be wasting my time, and that I might be better off shunning the world and just hiding away in the apartment in Mataran. So, that is what I have been up to this past month - hiding in ~~in~~ this apartment as though I were a snake under a rock.

I am getting back into the art of contemplation, honest contemplation. Without an audience, I can write ideas freely without being challenged. I can write, "The world owes me a living." My grandfather Kentuck told me that the world does NOT owe me a living. He told me this when he and grandma came to visit me while I was in prison at age 19. I was in a minimum security prison called Wharton Tract Unit.

This is the point about writing in privacy, not writing a book, but writing secretly to the future - secretly, honestly... What kind of an adventure is eating rice and oatmeal, getting by without an automobile, realizing we are projects in an experiment?

Who knows who might be inspired by what I write? Who knows who might be genuinely disturbed by what I write? Most people would not even care. Who cares what I think or say? Who?

Is not the written word a means for communicating to other human beings? If that is the case, then I am quite sad that my communication is limited to those who understand English - and that I am limited to English translations. ~~perhaps languages~~

Is it possible to communicate with self?

I write today that I can live on RICE, OATMEAL, EGGS, BREAD, MILK, CHICKEN...

How do we come to live the way we do? I was accused by some readers of gnosticism, or of just complaining and never doing anything to change my situation. I became frustrated and disgusted.

Does it amuse people to see how I depend on the government for monies for food, shelter, and clothing?

What do others depend upon for such things?

Others hold down jobs and earn money, you say. Interesting concept. To each his own.

Myself, I have an inner life that consumes me, and I have stopped forcing myself.

I studied computer science in college — and I read what I can to make my computing experience more fulfilling.

I can't imagine trying to keep up with the maddening pace of today's market.

Those who last in today's work force are an elite group of martyrs. I would never put up with the crap they endure just to have a couple vehicles and a Mc Mansion and a wife and children... and possible grandchildren and what have you.

We make our choices in life, and I chose to give up. I opted out of the rat race. I have decided to continue writing down this stream of consciousness as though what goes on in my mind really does matter.

29 May 2005 Sunday
Technical Note

I considered 80 GB a HUGE
amount of space! H₂₀₁₅ 1000 GB

ZAM I came up with an idea. Because I have access to such a huge hard drive (80 GB) with 45 GB reserved for SuSE Linux 8.0 Professional, I am going to create many separate partitions, giving each a healthy amount of "breathing room".

Then I will take notes on how each grows and how much space is wasted.

The next time I install it, I can use the space more efficiently.

/	7000 MB	[/sbin, /proc, /bin, /root, /lib, /etc, /mnt, /dev]
/boot	24 MB	
/home	2000 MB	
<SWAP>	1500 MB	
/usr	13000 MB	
/usr/local	7000 MB	
/opt	13000 MB	
/tmp	1000 MB	
/var	500 MB	

I may create these partitions with Partition Commander, or I can wait and create them with YaST...
Either way, I will sleep first.
Tomorrow I will begin upon awakening.

9:30 AM Amazing the notes I left behind. It is an adventure just reading through an old "system logbook". This is why it is possible for me to go about living well even with very little resources. In the logbook I had written (amidst technical notes):

The Hebrews wipe out the Goddess - calling her "the Abomination"! Western subjugation of women comes from the Hebrew Bible. I also suspect the subjugation of women comes from the Middle East in general, as in the Koran it is written, "When Allah created Eve, Satan rejoiced!"

It seems that religion is a defense against religious experience. The concept of time shuts out eternity - beyond human comprehension.

When I get SuSE Linux set up, I can go through my notes and study PHP, attempt to get Apache server up and running on my box. I want to focus on SuSE - that's why I am giving it so much space and placing directories ~~for~~ (when possible) on their own partitions so as to better document their growth.

2 PM I have been working on the Linux installation uninterrupted all day long. It is going smoothly. Now it is just a matter of loading the packages in (loading CD's 3-7).

31 May 2005 Tuesday

Over 600 pennies ... we walked to AAP and turned many centavos into new dolares. We purchased Naté Ice; listened to music, walked to the Secret Place in the woods, and then returned to the ~~house~~ apartment (mi casa) to sleep.

Strangely, upon awakening, I began remembering prior instances of being intoxicated and after having been assaulted by police (and what not), being confined and videotaped.

I began to wonder where the video tapes go? Who has seen those tapes?

Which tapes? How many are there?

AGE 18, 19: Freehold Township police chased me from Monmouth Battlefield State Park through woods behind Bradley Drive ... Many patrol cars went down the old Bettane farm access road.

They brought me back to the Freehold Township police head quarters and taped me.

The judge told me I did not look good in the tape --- I came across as, very defiant or some crap. He took my license from me. I had been driving with no insurance.

I remember Ed Henderson's grandfather (paternal) was a cop in the court room - ~~the~~ the judge's "right hand man". Back then "slurping" the police was a ~~misdemeanor~~ misdemeanor. Then

this same charge was made a felony - which would be the charge used to get me removed from public service in 1997 twelve years later. But back in 1985/1986, the

year after I graduated from Christian Brothers Academy, on my 19th birthday actually, that was my first "run in with police". I think I had a few beers early in the day and drove my car to the park to read a book in the car. The car was not insured.

What the hell was I thinking?

Had I given up even way back then at age 18? Is this all I ever wanted to do? (be at liberty to read a book all day long... not reporting to a job)?

In the society I live in, this is considered to be a sign of laziness and immorality. People who become doctors, lawyers, judges, bankers, brokers, etc... they are ambitious at age 18. Their ambition is praised, while my lack of ambition was condemned.

Part of my brain is bringing these memories to consciousness, perhaps as a desperate attempt to warn me to be extremely careful with alcohol, especially after I start getting Social Security checks.

Do I really want to destroy myself with alcohol? Am I to follow the death path? Let's continue the recall of being video taped in, police stations, hospitals, and holding tanks.

After 1986, it was not long before I committed a crime because I was homeless and hungry and desperate. I experienced first hand how the system we live under simply does not work. 1987 and all of 1988 I was held in confinement - prison, if you will...

From CHRISTIAN BROTHERS ACADEMY in 1985 to Homelessness, Halfway houses, rehabs, prison... At the end of 1989 (December 18th) I was hired by Simone & Cedor (now the director?).

I worked for the New Jersey State Park Service from December 18th 1989 right up until July 14th 1997 when I was arrested by the Freehold Boro police for "eluding" and "resisting arrest". There are police reports that accuse me of referring to a black officer as an ape. I had said, "this is like planet of the apes".

Also, there were eye-witnesses not only to my screaming out my car window, "The jews are robbing us blind!",

but also to when the police had the window of the patrol car closed on my neck. I was screaming, pleading for someone to help me. That is not only documented but witnessed. My manic/psychotic episode of 1997 is evidence of how deeply disturbed I am — sure, I can't deny I have emotional problems, behavioral problems ... "mental problems".

No one questions my high level of intelligence, but perhaps I am a prime example of why people are afraid of what affects reading Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and Camus and Cioran would have on their "state of mind."

Our daily lives is where these effects will become manifest. It builds up until it explodes in violent outbursts. This is nihilism.

I am most concerned about the most recent tapes ... the ones recorded after I graduated from Rutgers and returned to Freehold, the ones after "gortbusters.org".

July 2004 → Freehold Boro Police HQ; County Holding Cell; ^{Solitary} ~~Isolation~~

October 2004 → Freehold Hospital

November 2004 → Howell Police head quarters

I would really like to see what kind of things are written about me by the "authorities". Where is the tape footage of what I said and what I did?

In the cell in Freehold Boro Police HQ, I spoke "about how sick I am of the 'McMansions' and my belief that 'Hitler spoke out against the disparity between rich and poor in capitalist systems'".

Officer Sweetman reported that I had proclaimed to be a full blooded German, that I told him, "fuck you".

Fighting with the police while drunk --- this is a very dangerous tendency I have, and it makes me afraid of drinking alcohol, yes, even beer. Why do I become so violent? They provoke me. They harass me. Why are the police always considered to be in the right?

Why would I risk my freedom by drinking alcohol? There is beer in my refrigerator. I am afraid I will drink it. I would rather drink it in the woods. Why? I am afraid I would blast music loudly.

Let us continue. Patrolman Sweetman had told me that he was "Jewish". In this police report he had written,

"It should be noted that while in the cell area the accused was acting unruly and had to be stopped from ~~hanging~~ himself on more than one occasion. The accused was yelling that he was superior to everyone and that he hated the "Jews" and "blacks". The accused was acting extremely unbalanced and sounded as if he has mental problems. He was saying that he loved Hitler and that he wanted to be a terrorist. He was yelling that the world was coming to an end and that we were all going to die."

* Note: It is no wonder that I am afraid to get an Internet connection from my apartment in Watavon. With this kind of "official" documentation, there is a good chance I am being watched closely. I no longer feel safe posting on gortbustars. I have drawn too much attention to myself.

When I was transported to Monmouth County Correctional Inst on Waterworks Road, the cops that brought me in said, "We got Jesus." Then, in a basic holding cell, I grabbed the phone off the wall and banged it repeatedly against the strongplexiglass wall screaming, "I'm not Jesus! I'm John the Baptist, and you're gonna have to cut off my head to shut me up!"

In October 2004 I had been attacked by 7 white Freehold Boro police officers. They must really hate me. I was WILD that night - October 8th. They put me in the hospital.

In the hospital, while laying for hours with a collapsed lung strapped to a cot, I was being videotaped. I cried into the camera that the police were trying to murder me and that the hospital was partly responsible for my death since they were leaving me here to die, ignoring my complaints about a collapsed lung.

I still may have to sue the police department to pay for the \$14,000.00 hospital bill. I hope it doesn't come to this.

Didn't Tupac Shakur get his big break after suing the police (after they beat him senseless)?

On Halloween 2004, when the Howell police brought me in, I must have still been stressed out over the police brutality in Freehold, so I was caught on camera begging the police not to hunt me.

I told them that the Freehold Boro Police had almost beaten me almost to death just a few weeks ago.

What was I doing drunk just 2 weeks after being released ~~my~~ from a mental hospital?

Obviously, I am still very ambivalent about self-medication and I really may lack insight into my problem with alcohol. Every time I have been arrested I have been drunk — except for when I was 19. That was because I was hungry and homeless and I robbed a purse. I am not ashamed to write this, nor am I afraid of what readers might think of me.

I stand in truth.

Perhaps one day I will be a respected "leader", and there will be some troubled youth in an institution who stumbles upon some reference to my struggles as a young man. He might take heart.

Even realizing that Hitler was homeless and poor, and struggling in flop houses and soup kitchens makes me less pained by my low social status. I suffer with the people. We suffer.

That's enough remembering for now.

It is no wonder why I hide away in my apartment or in the woods. In the work place, my ideas disturb people and invite hostility. There are people out there who would love to see me get murdered for the things I have written about on goitbusters.org.

And so I take my time in solitude to write and reflect, to think, to study. I am the servant of my Muse, and I feel where she commands! A few beers - the consumption of - should not throw me into a panic where I am miserable because I am an "alcoholic".

I had hoped to walk into Keyport to find a clinic where they can check me for scabies infestation, but I have little food so I must conserve my calories. I will add some beans to the rice I have been living on. When I have money, sometime in June, I will walk to the clinic. Today I will just write, reflect, read, masturbate, shit, shower, and eat RICE.

2005
6-10

What is it in me that would want to drink a Budweiser at 9 in the morning? The part that will be bored during the walk to the lake? The part that I will be disappointed when "we" here in the Control Center of "the Organism" fail to find "the Roach" I dropped on the dock?

I wonder what that Matawan cop thinks of me? Will rumors spread that I am a secret litter picker-upper who works in the shadows like a shoemaker's elf? Could there still be "Mission Mike" in my "personality"? Should Mission Mike be the persona of my narrative?

Maybe I have just noticed that certain traits have multiple consequences, and that we have to take the "good" with the "bad". The part of me that wouldn't mind collecting litter from the lake during the heat of the day - without being paid to or told to - is the same part of me that would drink a Budweiser at 9 in the morning. Mission Mike is peering out from behind these eyes.

X

I take no female from sacred tribes.
No matter how desirable, I take no
female. I just can't seem able to keep
from getting drunk.

X

11 June 2005 Saturday

Well, well, well... the Matawan Police were
at my door for the 3rd time since I
moved here May 1st. This time, they
invited themselves in my house, apartment.

One officer commented about my tobacco,
"What's this?"

"Oh, I roll my own cigarettes."

"I see you like Math."

"Yes, I like Math" (like Ted Kaczynski)

3 cops were in the apartment, seeing all
the books, the Native American
"dream catcher thing" on the wall...

I told them I had turned off the stereo
at 9PM, and that the "loud music" was
coming from my computer.

Actually, I got a little carried away, and I was singing quite loud, beating on my boney chest ... The music from that old Sun City LP was blasting from the line-in tape through the computer.

I was lucky. It was after 11PM. I should have turned the music off around 9PM, but I kept pouring down Brandy and Budweiser, getting louder, singing like a drunken bastard.

If I would have had marijuana in the house - or on the table - I could have been arrested. It amazes me that I understand that every time I get into trouble with the police, I am quite drunk and yet, I continue to get drunk and listen to loud music. Is this DEFIANCE, REBELLION, or just DISRESPECT?

I am beginning to suspect my neighbors may want to see me arrested for disturbing the Peace.

I'm still getting bitten by some kind of bugs.
Are they in the bed?

Am I better off dead?
Sometimes I think we'd all be better
off dead. I guess this is why I stopped
writing so much on the Internet,
because deep down I realize that life
is generally unpleasant.

Should I invest in a new box spring and
mattress and throw these in the dumpster?

Helpless. I feel helpless. What is
my problem? Why am I so
miserable? I would be
more miserable if I was chained
to a job, to a lifestyle
of ambitious demands.

Doctors have written that I lack insight into
my "substance abuse". ~~Do~~ Do I
realize I am self-medicating?

~~What~~ What is one to "do" with one's life?

One need not "do" anything. Life does all the necessary "doing".

At the moment, what I am doing with my life is feeling sharp pains in my stomach. It could be hunger. It could be alcohol poisoning. It could be the heat. Life is doing me, breathing itself.

I force, drinking Iced Tea for as long as possible before succumbing to beer. I force a nap. I force making some headway reading Under The Volcano. I force a swim, a dive into Matawan Lake.

What about my nephew? Will he be coming by to eat? I made one of those rice and vegetable concoctions. Damn, I am hungry and yet my stomach aches so I don't even want to eat.

Maybe I'll get down some eggs.

Yes, this is the mojo manual. It reeks of the true nature of our ~~life~~ lives: that we are tubes that eat and shit and will end up bones in the dirt.

Perhaps a better way to deal with hunger pains would be to fast ... to just drink weed tea all morning, switching over to beer later in the afternoon. I just have to watch out with the loud music. That is what gets the police in my living room?

I can't believe they actually came in. Did they think I was having a party up here?

How many times will the police be called before I am given a summons?

When will I realize that I lose much control over myself when I am drunk?

X

I don't think I will be able to kill myself with alcohol since my stomach bothers me when I drink more than a few days in a row.

Surrounded by stories about alcoholism ... Under The Volcano (book) and Leaving Las Vegas (on TV ch 9)

My stomach rejects potatoes, scrambled eggs.
I got down a few slices of bacon. Beer goes
down. Drinking alcohol gets complicated.
I had forgotten the ~~seasons~~ benefits of not
drinking. The Indian from the Flame Motel,
~~the~~ the manager, he told me that the
world would love me if I just put down the bottle.
When I drink alcohol, I become extremely
ill-tempered quite suddenly. Yet, sometimes I just
lose control and put on loud music and
sing. I sing to the world. I, like
Bob Marley says, disturb my neighbor.

This can be embarrassing the day after.
Most of the people who lived at the
Flame Motel during the year I was there were
witnesses to my peculiar form of insanity.
They heard me on the roof during
rain storms. They heard me singing and
screaming in the fields.

I also have a problem where I resist arrest
when I am drunk and the police get a
little too rough. I defend myself. I just
get this sense of ending in a bad way...

Will I be able to come to terms with my use of alcohol as a stupid means for medicating my soul? Will I gain insight before it is too late?

I also do not like to influence my nephew ... with him drinking with me, there are two lives at stake.

I wish marijuana were legal.

It is so much better for me than beer and brandy - but it is inaccessible and illegal. This is a social problem.

It seems I am in a vulnerable situation. Do I possess the ability to avert disaster?

The reaction my organism has to alcohol is a sign that my body gets hurt by alcohol consumption. Alcohol does not help me -

it POISONS my body. And yet, within ten minutes, I will crack open a can of Budweiser and befriend the Grim Reaper.

I want to try and contact my nephew, but even if
I walk to the telephone, I have no way to
contact him unless I call his dad's cell
phone. He is most likely sleeping all day long
on Beverly Drive. I could walk
there - then we could get something to
eat in Keyport. Sounds like a
plan. Shall I eat a hot dog first?
My hunger pains went away, but I
haven't really eaten anything today.

I couldn't stomach eggs. Will I be able to
stomach a frankfurter?

I don't feel up to walking to Cliffwood Beach or
eating in Keyport. I would rather eat somewhere
in Matawan. I wonder if my nephew will be
walking over. Maybe he was able to contact
his cousin Jamie. I have to watch this
alcohol. It is fucking up my stomach
and intestines.

~~there~~ X

I called JM; he said that my nephew went to visit
Jamie in a psychiatric hospital in Ton's River
(St. Barnabas?). I wonder if he is back yet.
I will walk over to Cliffwood Beach.

13
Evidently, Jamie had attempted to kill himself
about a month ago, and he has been in
there ever since.

Life does teach us not to want it anymore...
A month ago was in May, when Jamie
and my nephew's uncle Billy committed
suicide... in 1999 [May 5th]

X
12 June 2005 Sunday

Lepto Bisno on hourly intervals helps relieve my
stomach pains long enough for me to slug down
a few more Nasty Budweisers.

Existentialism embraces human passion, emotion,
and feeling — as opposed to the usual
emphasis on reason, rationality, statistics and
arguments.



13 June 2005 Monday

a mental/physical exercise as "I" first begin to wake up in the morning: imagine I am on my death bed. This ~~is~~ has a most peaceful effect upon my entire being. In death I am safe. The hustle-bustle world can go on without me. I have no recourse to the law anymore. A voice from within me chants, "Stay down. Lie down. Stay down. Rest in peace."

Nothing need be done. Eventually thirst or a diarrhea attack forces me out of the exercise as the body asserts its will to live.

And so I wonder when my nephew will come by. How long will I wait before I just do what I have to do? Well, I may be able to postpone the trip to the bank until another day, but I will want to bring \$100 to open up a bank account. This will enable me to cash the \$5 check on July 3rd. Will the check come on the 2nd (Saturday) or on the 5th (Tuesday)?

We shall see.

This will enable me to write checks.

This will enable me to use a DEBIT card as though it were a "credit card".

Once again my appetite is all distorted. I feel the hunger, but I don't want to eat anything. I don't even want coffee.

I believe that marijuana would help me eat food. Air-conditioning does not work very well. 80° in here. Oh well.

So I boil more water and make more tea. Every 30 minutes or so I drink a slug of Pepto-Bismol as I tighten my operator to hold back the loose bowels. It has to be the beer and the brandy.

I sure could use some marijuana to help me ~~not~~ greatly reduce the amount of alcohol that I poison my body with. My temperament is ill-suited to the discomforts of existence. I will fry a cow slice (hamburger) so as to regain enough energy (calories) to be able to make my way to open a bank account.

Note: I slept on the sofa and experienced NO bites. Therefore, I will replace the mattresses.

Stupid existence. Stupid and meaningless existence!

Why did I bring all my damn books to this apartment if all I do is get drunk?

How will my mother survive?

~~How~~ What will happen to my mother if I am on social security when she is unable to pay her mortgage?

Why is life such a nightmare?

Am I the only one who is so overwhelmed?

I have to keep shaving my face because some kind of puss keeps oozing from under my mustache. The hair seems to infect it.

Are human beings even meant to be living organisms? How deluded am I? Do I have the courage to really take an honest look at the predicament we are caught in having been born?

Do the glamorous really believe the police can control us all? Some things are beyond control.

The industrial world has created a world it can no longer control. I am still controlled by my dependency upon food & shelter, but my attitude is nihilistic and absurdist. My philosophy has been progressing since age 13 when I used to preach that "Life sucks".

at age 21 or so, nearly a decade later, reading Schopenhauer reaffirmed that philosophy:

Life is suffering.

Life is Killing.

Life may be downright evil.

Isn't the truth liberating in the sense that we don't have to go around feeling like if we only could change ourselves and our own behavior, life would be grand?

No, that life is such an unpleasant experience may be universal, not only in our modern mess, but generally. Is this true?

Well, whose experience is more intense — the pleasure of an animal relieving hunger by killing, or the pain and horror experienced by the animal being eaten alive?

All my "negative" experiences of discomfort may contribute to a much more profound understanding of Schopenhauer's philosophy than Nietzsche could have experienced.

Besides the actual philosophy professed by Schopenhauer, there is a not so subtle underlying theme he presents. It is beyond his books, and can elude the less observant reader of his works.

Schopenhauer is a brain, and so are we. In other words, there is a level of intelligence that is not only hostile to life itself, but perhaps even ALIEN to it.

I am able to recognize the snare that lies in a woman's beauty. I see the sexy young Puerto Rican female, but I am faced with my own "deficiency" - I lack the blindness the will requires to pursue the charms. My punishment for this LAZINESS is extinction, but it may turn out to be the great escape from the cycle of birth and death. Yes, Schopenhauer is far from romantic. Likewise, I will not be duped. I see too much. My intelligence is hostile to life.

Schopenhauer is the first modern philosopher to inquire at the most profound, crucial level: what is life? Schopenhauer does not use the term "life", but "will" or "will to life".

What is Ur-Einen, "the primordial one"? The earthly drama unfolds for its satisfaction alone. There is no justification for my life. If I avoid dying soon, I do so not for my own gratification, but rather for that "primal one".

Why we should submit to this is unclear. Schopenhauer's alternative is that we thwart the Ur-Einen through will-less self-destruction — this is no less appealing.

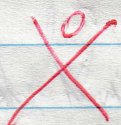
Only for the primal one is existence justified. The individual may suffer, may become alcoholic, may contract diseases, be infested with microorganisms --- nought.

Nietzsche's "eternal recurrence" could be the European form of Buddhism — both are nihilistic, Buddhism is a religion for the end of a civilization, the consolation of weary spirits longing for a dreamless sleep.

Schopenhauer's "Wille" is preconscious and pre-representational life. It is the parent of Nietzsche's will-to-power and grandparent to what Heidegger more abstractly called "being".

Philosophy is in principle a "nihilism", a specifically world-negative spirit contemptuous of living reality from which it withdraws into a network of pure thinking.

The inversion: suppression of the will-to-live by a contrary will-to-think.



15 June 2005 Wednesday

I am making some headway reading Under the Volcano, tempted to put it away and read H.G. Wells, but it is having the desired effect on my own inner dialogue. It is quite timely as I find myself struggling with using alcohol to medicate my condition.

My mind is not on fire as I had hoped it would be. Surrounded by books, I am taunted by hunger. Shall I cook some pancakes or french toast? Would these alleviate my subtle depressive state?

2005: SUMMER: Prelude / Introduction

21 June Tuesday → Someone drowned in Matawan Lake Monday evening. I had decided not to swim that evening because the temperatures had dropped suddenly. In the very place my nephew and I swam across, some youth died (drowned) about a week after we had made our crossing in front of a large crowd of testosterone-filled teens. I had mentioned to my nephew - just joking around - "Someone is going to see us cross the lake, and they will think it is easy. So they will attempt it and fail when and because they begin to panic."

We decided to go for a swim at 10AM or so. That is when we saw the cop and reporter on the dock. We went for a swim after we heard someone had drowned. The reporter from the Star Ledger was taking pictures of us and asked our names. We gave him our names. Foolish or just absurd,

The lake was the greatest aspect of the location of this apartment. The waters were healing my skin - and some sun also helped, the reflection from the water.

Now, because of the drowning of the youth, swimming is forbidden in the lake until they can come to some agreement as to how to handle this.

Signs were posted: UNPROTECTED

The officer threatened a \$500.00 fine to anyone caught swimming in the lake. It is now even more amazing that my nephew and I swam across the entire lake.

Instead of taking my nephew to Keyport for muscles, I spent 7+6+3+3+3 on shrimp, scallops, and muscles and prepared them in the apartment. It was more expensive than going out to a restaurant, but we gorged on the most precious shell-fish and scallops. No rice, no broccoli, NAAH.